

The Weekly Caucasian.

TERMS.
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CONFEDERATE GRAVE DECORATIONS.

NOTHROP'S DAY.
There is still in the world a living memory
A voice in the night of events,
A spirit that walks in the darkness of the world,
And tells us better.

To the shadowy abodes of El Dorado,
To the sun and shade the angels have stepped,
They have come to their rest.

The Reaper has called to their rest.

From the field of their fame, now in glory,
They have come to their rest.

With their life-blood supporting
The world, they have come to their rest.

Every spirit that departs is strong.

The spirit, unbroken in strength,

The youth of our land are now immortal.

Men who have given all for their country.

Again, they are sleeping together.

The gallant ones were over the earth,

Some never that all was ever dear to them.

These heroes—a sign of beat.

With their life-blood supporting

Our nation, they have come to their rest.

We'll remember their tool and their strength.

The life-giving bodies depart.

The hand and the heart of man are here.

The spirit of the brave, the soul of the good, was

here too.

We'll remember them proudly, they gallant.

What a sign of beat for our country.

How we mourn their loss, our heroes.

How we honor their names.

How we grieve the sleep, death, and silence.

That's all the last lesson that remains.

They see not the country they left for.

They see not the home they left for.

They see not the friends they left for.

They see not the love they left for.

They see not the life they left for.

They see not the death they left for.

They see not the grave they left for.

They see not the rest they left for.

They see not the sleep they left for.

They see not the silence they left for.

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